

hippie was noticeable that gave it an irregular line. The nostrils were thin, quivering and dilated with every emotion. Her mouth was wide, with sharply cut red lips that curled and wrinkled as she spoke, and when the curved upper lip was drawn back in her smile her prominent white teeth were fully exposed to view. Her chin, rounded as it was, was yet strident. Her clear, white complexion was relieved only by a little spot of pink visible just under her high cheek bones. It was a surprise to most of the curious as to find Miss Bernhard a pronounced blond instead of a brunette. But one who barely noted features first and the outline of her face found herself attracted again and again into watching her in order to detect the something that gave her such a peculiar character to her face. The secret lay in her diamond eyes. Now, as the artist threw back her head and watched a

Mile. Behardt was found at the Ambassade
 tel yesterday evening by a **THURSDAY** reporter.
 "Good evening," she said, addressing him in En-
 glish. "You see, I do know just a little Eng-
 lish." "You see," she continued in French. "But
 after all," she continued in French. "But I
 much. I must study it every day if I am to be
 my hope of giving a scene in that language." The
 seating herself in a chair, she broke into a thump
 about her reception but a morning.
 "It was a terrible voyage for me
 make, the trip across the Atlantic,"
 said. "Think of it, I hardly left
 stateroom from the time we sailed until I
 to my kind friends who came to bid me
 come this morning. Such a splendid reception!
 was so entirely unexpected and so kind."
 "What have you done today?" was asked.
 "Well, I have not a struggle with your
 the city. We drove to Booth's Theatre,
 I might see about the arrival of my trunks,

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FRED. A. SHIELDS, Secretary.

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More attentively, they barrowed as the eyes of a